

The PREFACE.

THE Reader perhaps may be so unreasonable as to expect an Account of the Birth, Parentage, and Country of our Hero. If he does, I can assure him he will be disappointed. These are Circumstances which he has no Right to be informed of; for a good Man may be born any how, and any where; of any Parents, and in any Country.

Whether you, gentle Reader, were born at my native Place *Waltham*, where the Frogs sing like Nightingales, or at any other Place, you may be as wise and as honest as I am.

If a Man is a good Man, and an honest Man, it is no Matter where he was born; and if those who have lately made so much Noise about Country and Party had been Scholars to *Gaffer Gingerbread*, he would have knocked their heads together for being such Boobies.

Why should the People quarrel any more because they are divided by the *Tweed*, than because they are divided by the *Thames*?

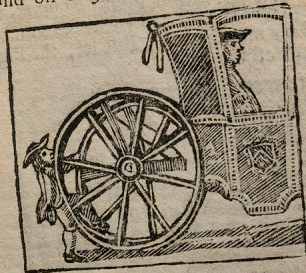
The BOOKSELLER.

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CHAP. I.

An Adventure of Little Giles Gingerbread.

ONE Day as *Gaffer Gingerbread* was coming from Work, he saw little *Giles*, who was as ragged as a Colt, getting up behind *Sir Toby Thompson's* Coach;



upon which he called to him: Here, *Giles*, come hither to me! I see, says the Father, you

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